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The Old Man of the Mountain \* \*



EASTERN POINT LIGHT

\* \* And Old Mother Ann.





# THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

AND

## OLD MOTHER ANN.

*Hastina*  
BY ADA C. BOWLES.

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w.m.s., July 14, 1920

**H**AVE you heard the North Wind telling,  
With its whistling and its yelling,  
In a gale,  
Of that poor New Hampshire farmer  
And his wicked fairy charmer? —  
Such a tale !

**H**OW he lov'd and how she spurned him;  
How at last to stone she turned him,  
Cold and still;  
And she said, " Since you aspire,  
I will raise you somewhat higher  
On this hill."



THEN she ran away and left him  
(For a giant could not heft him,—  
This stone man),  
Ran away, 'till worn and footsore,  
She sat down upon the sea-shore  
At Cape Ann.

BUT this “Old Man of the Mountain,”  
He just started a tear fountain  
From his eyes;  
And he said, “I have a notion  
When it reaches to the ocean,  
I shall rise.”





"OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN," WHITE MOUNTAIN, N. H.





WHEN the bitter North Wind shifted,  
The old man, behold! was lifted  
Wholly free;  
And he knew that his tear fountain  
Had connected his grim mountain  
With the sea.

THEN he called the gods to aid him  
Catch the fairy who betrayed him,  
In disguise  
Of a fair and lovely woman  
Who had seemed so very human  
To his eyes.



WHEN he found her, then he seized her  
Round the waist, you see, he seized her  
With a roar;  
And he cried, "You 'll find me stronger  
And my arms a little longer  
Than before."

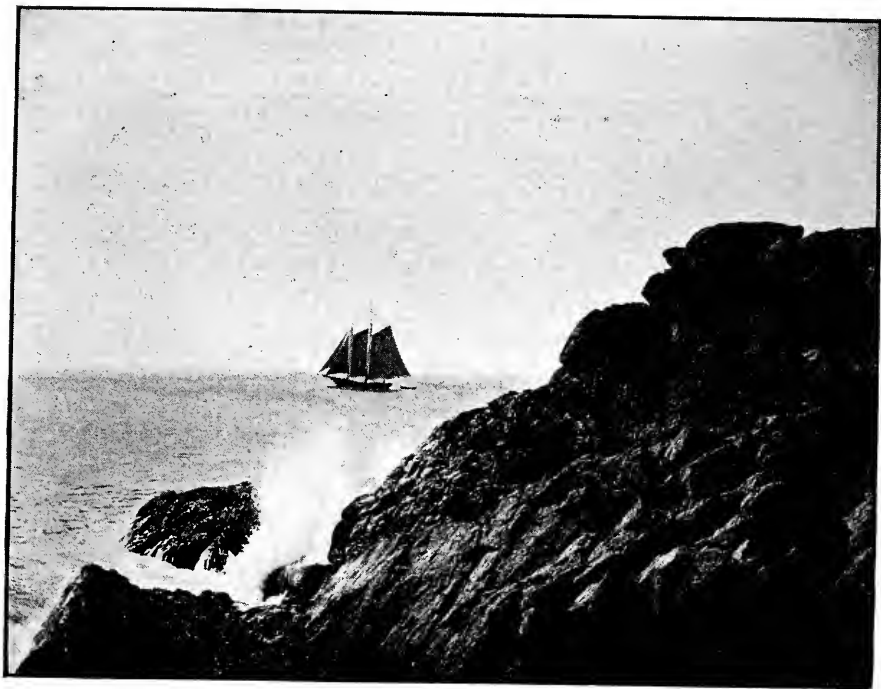
THEN she grew to stone just like him,  
With no power left to strike him  
Dead and cold;  
And he said, "Tho' you 're so clever,  
You shall just sit there forever  
And grow old."



S O beside the sea he set her  
Where the waves forever fret her  
Saucily;  
Not a witch, and not a woman,  
But a creature quite inhuman,  
Such as he.

“O LD Mother Ann,” they called her,  
Sitting where the sea had walled her,  
On the shore.  
In a storm you hear her groaning  
And her wickedness bemoaning  
O’er and o’er.





"OLD MOTHER ANN," AT EASTERN POINT, GLOUCESTER.





**B**UT no sooner was she seated  
Than the old man he retreated,  
No more free,  
And against the same White Mountain,  
With his frozen-up tear fountain,  
Sticketh he.

**B**UT when every Christian nation  
Shall make joyful proclamation  
“War is dead!  
It shall rule the world no longer,  
Love is better far and stronger,  
Hate has fled.”

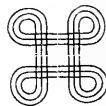


THEN the "Old Man of the Mountain"  
Will again, by his tear fountain,  
Be set free;  
And, without a wish to harm her,  
He will once more seek his charmer  
By the sea;

AND he'll say, "Let's be forgiving,  
Make our lives more worthy living  
If we can;  
I believe 't will make us human,  
Just a man and just a woman,  
Mother Ann."



“BUT we ’ll leave our shells behind us,  
Where they ever may remind us  
Of the past;  
As a sad and solemn warning  
Against all hate and scorning  
That shall last.”



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